

Richard Farrell, Concert Pianist, Opens Concert Season With Thrilling Performance For Large and Appreciative Audience

A FACULTY PROFILE

MEET MRS. MASSEY

Anytime you go into the Physical Administration Building, you will probably see Mrs. Massey. If you do not already know her, you should meet her. No matter what your troubles are, she is always ready to listen to them and help in anyway she can. Her cheerful smile, that is always accompanied by a big "hello," will certainly lift your spirits, even if you do feel "down in the dumps."

Mrs. Massey was born in McMinnville, Tennessee. She was



Mrs. Massey

graduated from Irving College Academy, the oldest school in Middle Tennessee. She received her B.S. degree from Tennessee State College at Murfreesboro. There she had a double major in physical education and home economics, and a minor in English. From Tennessee State College she went to the University of Tennessee where she received her Master's degree in physical education and recreation.

While in college, Mrs. Massey was a member of the Phi Eta Tau, national physical education sorority. She is a member of the Primitive Baptist Church. She is very active in community projects and has worked with the Red Cross and the Scouts.

Mrs. Massey has been teaching physical education at the Junior College for two years. Besides her regular classes, she is busy teaching a dancing class every Thursday night. She also serves as chaperone for many campus clubs and student social activities. To know her is to like her.

Barbara Curtis

Faculty Have Get-Together At Obion Country Club

The night of Thursday, November 10, was an enjoyable one for the faculty of the Junior College and their wives (or husbands). The event was a dinner at the Obion Country Club (Tom Stewart Airport) sponsored by the Faculty Women's Club.

A very delicious, and large, buffet dinner was the main item of the evening. There were turkey, ham, various cold fish, and all the trimmings—potatoes, dressing, many vegetables, and mince pie as a cap to the meal. Best thing was the quality and the quantity, each person taking whatever he wanted, and as much as he wanted. From the filled-up areas of most of the palates, faculty members work up quite an appetite as they pound their knowledge into our craniums.

After the dinner, Mr. Smith showed a color film of the school taken several years ago. The film was well put together and even showed the rippling of the tall grass and grain in the field. Mr. Chenette then played two numbers on the clarinet, accompanied by Miss Fulton, and the rest of the evening was spent in playing bingo for numerous prizes of a humorous nature. Miss Hall and Mr. Murphy took honors here, each bingoing twice. One of Miss Hall's prizes was a jump-rope which we understand she demonstrated outside her home later in the evening. General faculty consensus is that "a good time was had by all."

A large and enthusiastic audience attended the Richard Farrell concert last Thursday evening. Mr. Farrell, twenty-three-year-old New Zealand pianist, gave a thrilling performance of works ranging from the gay, sparkling Mozart Variations (on the theme known to us as Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star) to the crashing brilliance and technical display of Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 6.

His playing was characterized by a remarkable technique which enabled him to bring out the full, rich harmonies, and rapid ornamentations without ever failing to let the melodies stand out and the meanings of the music come through to the audience. The profound silence in the audience during his playing was an indication of how completely he captured the audience's respect and emotions.

The program was divided into four sections. Mr. Farrell began the first part with variations on "Ah, vous dirais-je Maman," by Mozart. It was very well received. The second piece of the first section was Beethoven's "Sonata in F minor, Op. 57" ("Appassionata"), Allegro assai, Andante con moto, and Allegro ma non troppo: presto. This piece was perhaps the longest one piece played by Mr. Farrell the entire evening, lasting twenty-five minutes. I was grieved to find that it wasn't appreciated as it should have been!

Mr. Farrell devoted all of the second section to Chopin. This section was received with gusto! It included: Etude in E major, Op. 10 and "Scherzo in C-sharp minor." The rendition was beautiful and was received as it should have been.

There was an intermission after the second section. Everyone I spoke to, except the jazz-hounds, was enjoying the concert.

The third section was composed of "6 Waltzes" by Brahms, "La Soiree dans Grenade" by Debussy and "Poissons d'or" by Debussy. I am sure everyone will agree that this was definitely the light side of the program. At this point, even the jitter-bug set awoke!!!!

The fourth section was by far the most exciting. As Farrell finished Liszt's "Sonetto del Petrarca, No. 104," everyone nearly stood up and cheered. Even after the program was over, several people were still marveling at the speed of Mr. Farrell's hands and at the wonderful music that seemed to float out from under them.

Richard Farrell received the greatest ovation from Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 6. For an encore he played Chopin's "Prelude in C-sharp minor."

Mr. Farrell was practically mobbed immediately following his concert by many people of Martin and surrounding territories and there was a line of at least fifty or sixty U. T. students waiting in line to get his autograph.

It is unfortunate that so many of the students here at U. T. and also a great many of the people of the surrounding area haven't gotten a chance to get to learn and appreciate this type of music. I am sure they would have enjoyed Richard Farrell's concert much more if they had.

I am sure that I don't stand alone in saying that anytime Richard Farrell wishes to return to UTJC he is most decidedly welcomed.

(Continued on page 3)

Bus Line From Martin To Memphis Goes Into Operation

The Dunlap Bus Lines, owned and operated by Mr. S. B. Dunlap of Martin, have started service on the recently approved Martin-to-Memphis line. One bus daily, two on the week-ends, leave Martin for Memphis with no change or transfer of buses.

The bus leaves Martin at 7:00 a.m. and arrives at Memphis at 10:45 a.m. It leaves Memphis at 4:45 for Martin and arrives at 7:45 p.m. This makes possible a trip to Memphis and return in the same day.

Mr. Dunlap stated that extra care would be given to shipping packages and so forth.

I am sure that this will be of quite some use to the students of UTJC who live near or in Memphis. The complete schedule is posted on the bulletin board in the bookstore for student use.



Dogpatch citizens appear in their finest as Sadie Hawkins Day Concludes

Sadie Hawkins Day Is Fun For All; Veterans Club Did It

The Veterans' Club did it again—gave the student body a grand evening of fun and dancing, that is. And what could be more fun—for the girls anyway—than a Sadie Hawkins Day party.

All the gaily dressed girls in their Daisy Mae skirts and blouses called for their Lil Abners, carrying corsages of varied descriptions—mostly of the vegetable family.

The novel method of charging admission still has the girls guessing how small (or large) their waists are. A special Daisy Mae tape measure was ordered for the occasion. The unit of measure must have been Dogpatch special.

The gym was decorated in traditional Dogpatch style. Ears of corn and those good Dogpatch turnips were hanging on the walls, and a great jar of pickled turnips sat on the refreshment table.

The best (or worst) dressed or decorated couple as decided by the judges was none other than Doug Carter and Betty Jane Bell. For their accomplishment they were awarded a jar of Mammy Yokum's "Preserved Pickles."

The highlight of the evening was the crowning of King Lil Abner and Queen Daisy Mae. Jere Alexander and Nan Fedula were the lucky winners. Jere was given an appropriate gift and Nan received the Daisy Mae tape measure.

Doyle Tucker, president of the Veterans' Club, did the crowning. (Who said kissing?)

Everyone enjoyed the refreshments, even if it was rumored that Chester Fay used both hands



Jere Alexander and Nan Fedula Crowned King and Queen of Sadie Hawkins Dance

from becoming a financial problem. 6. To contribute to the development of school spirit and to further good student-faculty relationships.

A tentative social calendar was made. Jan. 6 the Home Ec Club Square Dance; Jan. 14 Nu Kappa Nu and Delta Phi Delta "Winter Wonderland" dance; Jan. 27 SCA informal party; Feb. 4 Future Business Leaders party for members; Feb. 11 Freshman Valentine Dance; Feb. 18 Ag Club informal party.

Mr. Hartung expressed the idea that it would not be amiss for the

and feet for mixing. Bruce Dyer and his orchestra are to be complimented for the wonderful music.

Everyone says, "Thanks again," to the Veterans' Club for Sadie Hawkins Day.—Genella Culver

Campus Groups Discuss Winter Quarter Socials

In a meeting of the presidents of campus organizations, plans were formulated for the social aspect of the winter quarter.

Mr. Hartung stated the objectives of the social program. They are:

1. To provide wholesome entertainment.
2. To increase student participation.
3. To maintain a variety of activities.
4. To give opportunity for social improvement and development.

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Alumni Secretary Greets Faculty

John Smart, Alumni Secretary of the University of Tennessee, spoke briefly to the Junior College Faculty, Friday, November 11. Mr. Smart was in Martin on his way to the University of Tennessee-Ole Miss football game in Memphis.

Mr. Smart said that the parent school is proud of the scholastic and extracurricular records made at Knoxville by students who have spent their first two years at the Junior College. He pointed out that students from the Junior College in their junior and senior years at big U-T have a grade average one-third to one-half point higher than do those students who spent their first two years on the Knoxville campus.

This, he said, is a tribute to the quality of teaching they receive at Martin which qualifies them for academic leadership when they transfer to big U-T. Mr. Smart also pointed out that students from the Junior College receive honors, both scholastic and otherwise, at Knoxville in a far higher percentage than do their fellow students.

It is hoped that sometime in the rather near future, Mr. Smart will be returning to the campus to aid in the establishment of a branch of the alumni association among Weakley Countians and perhaps other nearby counties.

5. To prevent social activities students to show a little appreciation to the faculty members for their willingness to chaperone social functions. The least anyone can do is to speak to those faculty members who have been kind enough to give their time. No one likes to sit on the bleachers out in the gym and be absolutely ignored for hours.

—Billie Sager.

From President Brehm ...

To the Student Body of
The University of Tennessee Junior College

It is a matter of considerable regret to me that I do not have more frequent opportunity to meet personally the members of our University of Tennessee student family at Martin. However, I am glad of the opportunity to extend a few words of greeting to each student of the Junior College.

We are proud of our Junior College at Martin, and the fact that it rates as one of the outstanding Junior Colleges of the country. This of course is due to the fine faculty and administration that we have there. It is significant that all those that come to the upper divisions of the University of Knoxville are good students.

The new students at the Junior College we are very happy to welcome into the entire student family of the University—not only at Martin but at Knoxville and Memphis. For the older students, it is our wish that circumstances may be such that in the course of time we may have you in the upper divisions of the University of Knoxville and Memphis.

May your associations at Martin be the happiest and time when I can greet you personally.

C. E. Brehm, President

Campus Beauties Are Elected In Close Ballot; Seven Are From Reed

Kroll Addresses Authors And Artists' Club

Prof. H. H. Kroll of the English department recently addressed the Authors and Artists' Club of Chattanooga. Mr. Kroll's topic was "Writing the Novel," emphasizing the development of plot and character, revision of the manuscript, and the best method of selling the final product.

According to Mr. Kroll, the Authors and Artists' Club is a "rather swanky organization of Chattanooga professional newspaper people, poets, a book author or two, and selling artists, all of whom go in for both the arty approach and the professional touch." Mr. Kroll reports that it not only was one of his largest audiences but one of the most appreciative he has addressed in some years. "It was," he said, "a distinguished and appreciative group. One of the writers had just published a volume of poetry and gave me an autographed copy. Another has a new novel just off the press."

While in Chattanooga, Mr. Kroll was the guest of Professor Roland D. Carter, head of the English Department at the University of Chattanooga, and one of Mr. Kroll's students when he was head of the English Department at Lincoln Memorial University at Harrogate, Tennessee. "Thus," Mr. Kroll said, "I combined a very pleasant public engagement with a delightful social contact, and renewed old ties."

The last time Mr. Kroll made an address in Chattanooga was two years ago when he appeared before the Tennessee Philological Society with a paper on Southern Dialect.—Betty Pruitt

Reed Hall seemingly copped the title of beauty spot of the campus, being the home of seven of the 10 campus beauties. The rival dorm, Freeman Hall had a meager two, with the town girls having a lone representative.

The girls elected are Jo Anne Webb, Ann Culbertson, Margaret Ann Martin, Rachel Frances Fly, Betty Jean Reynolds, Betty Jean Stephens, Betty Ann Beeler, Peggy Jackson, Elsie Joy Dees, and Betty Ann Chapman.

Of course UTJC has beautiful girls! Haven't you heard that students are always saying that one can find more pretty girls in Martin than any other town of its size? Well, it's true whether you had stopped to think about it or not. But why shouldn't Martin have pretty girls around, when there are so many girls here from all parts of our state, and some even from out of Tennessee?

Just before the assembly program on Tuesday, Nov. 8, 1949, the Election Commission opened the polling places in the lobby of the gymnasium with Betty Beeler and Marion Harwell acting as the chief executives. Every student was handed a sheet on which he was to nominate five student beauties. (By the way, I heard that a few nominations were cast for Win Guttman's dog!) After we had finally made up our minds as to who was more beautiful, Sue or Mary, we cast our ballots, got Marion or Betty to mark our names off; and then walked away to wait a week to see if our selection had won.

Later in the week, however, we found out who the 20 girls that had been selected were. You all know them from the second bellots.

Congratulations to the girls chosen!

Impersonations of Faculty Hilariously Received At Super Freshman Party

Wonderful! Colossal! Enjoyable!! All these exclamations were heard during the Freshman party on Friday night, November 17, in the gymnasium.

After weeks of wild anticipation, planning, and hurrying here and there, the Freshman Class presented its first social of the year. Talk about a wonderful time complete with soft lights, dancing, informal games, and participation of the student body—the Freshman Informal Party was a fitting beginning to a year packed full of fun and good times.

I suppose the first freshman party always has had a particular place in the hearts of the beginning students; but this year there was an exception. Anxiety ran higher, enthusiasm was greater, and untiring interest was shown by all students. Indeed this occasion was a little more special than it has been in previous years!

After assembling in the gym, the group enjoyed social dancing. Simultaneously, merry games of table tennis and rook were played upstairs in the gym. After an hour of merriment, refreshments were served in the lobby.

The grand piano, and it really is grand, can now be used for events taking place outside the narrow scope of the studio.

While gathering material for this article I watched the throes of a piano tuner trying to tune a piano to the hup, two, three, four of a phys. ed. class. Some friction here.

I was also informed that the artist to appear tonight using that piano is very temperamental when the piano is the slightest bit out of tune. More friction here.

Well, anyway it's a comforting thought that if we have any three-hundred-pound sopranos here at the school, now she could get into the studio for a broadcast.

—Billie Sager.

At exactly nine o'clock the never-to-be-forgotten floor show began on the stage. Ernest Anderson cleverly presided as master of ceremonies. This show consisted of the imitation of the freshman teachers by various freshmen and the purpose was to entertain the students and annoy the faculty. And did it!

The first object of execution was none other than the executive officer himself, Mr. Paul Meek, portrayed by Anne Bass. Mr. Meek, in his congenial manner, extended an invitation to all freshmen to visit his office. Keith Veltman, seeking advice and consultation as a student, was told by Mr. Meek to "stick to it and dig."

The man who has won national recognition with his playing the clarinet and who has never ceased "blowing his horn," Mr. Chenette, was splendidly played by Bruce Dyer. Bruce had the role of Mr. Chenette "down pat" even to the Northern brogue and the "upstanding" hair.

Miss Fulton, incognito Connie Pat Freeman, thrilled the audience with her unsuccessful efforts to direct the College Chorus.

Frances Hurt, who played the role of Mrs. Milton—"the sweet pickle of the home economics department"—presented her pupils in regular class session. These girls were trying desperately to finish their garments before the Christmas holidays.

Sarah Lou Stone acted the role of the "most timid man on the campus"—Mr. Campbell. The chemistry classroom was the main scene, and sure enough, a "peroxide blonde" completed the discussion non hydrogen peroxide.

"The delicate little molecule ... the cigarette structure of the universe ..." Mr. Henson, was portrayed by Nashville's own, Mary Katherine Moss. Coach had his entire host of football players on the scene, and now I know the source of those trim athletes—callisthenics.

The great hypnotist and psychologist, J. Paul Phillips, was presented by Dick Johnston. This act was complete in every detail—even to his walking like a dog and talking about Myrtle.

The other noted psychologist, Mr. Hartung, was played by Reed Hall's one and only Fireball. Mary Alice presented Mr. Hartung in

(Continued on page 3)

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Guest Editorial

CHAPEL AGAIN

Seriously, let's think about chapel for a while. As you all know, we attend chapel twice a week, and for the benefit of everyone, that time should be directed toward student activity. As chapel is conducted now, do the students themselves have a part? Are we allowed to have a part in the chapel program, or do we merely sit and watch as idle spectators? Surely chapel is not meant to be so well-organized that students cannot participate in it.

At the game the night of Homecoming, the cheerleaders wished to give a new yell—a very good one—but one which was truly new to nearly all of us. We heard several ask, "Why don't they go over these yells in chapel?" Well, why don't we? Don't we want our team to know that we're backing them up, that we're willing to go out of our way to learn a few extra pep songs and yells? Let's let it be known that we're all out for more student participation in chapel programs, such as pep rallies, novel announcements, skits, etc.

—"Cardinal and Cream," Union University

Why Know Your Music?

It has been said that music is the one form of art that lies closest to man's soul. Everybody likes music, no matter if it be in the wilds of the jungle, for man has always had some form of it.

When we think of popular music, the ballads, the blues, jazz, the dance tunes and even hillbilly. They all seem to be a part of everyday life. But if you stop to think for a while, you might get to wondering where it all came from. What is the basis of it all? It's like the old tale, it's all been said before, maybe in a slightly different way. That's the case of our popular music; it's all been written or composed before, but maybe in just a little different manner. We find the answer to our question in classical music.

You've often heard the question asked, "Why study that long-haired stuff? Why know it, it doesn't help a fellow?" If people who ask such questions would bother to stop and examine this type of music, they might find the answer to their question.

First, let's talk about this kind of music. Music of art produces the type of sensation that makes a person think, makes him feel, and stirs his emotions deeper, and more lastingly than any other form of art. It awakens the unfelt senses of man, and expresses something that can never be told in all the words in all the world. This music speaks to a person in so many sounds and harmonic tones. It may have a different effect upon each individual, or it may tell each one a different story, but nevertheless it speaks the emotions of the inner soul of man.

There are certain things about good music that makes it worth listening to. It appeals to the mind and heart regardless of race, creed or color. It develops morals and character, one of the greatest gifts to mankind. Music is a language, in itself, which can be learned.

If you wanted to learn French from the practical viewpoint, you'd go to France where you'd hear the language spoken every day. The same goes for good music; you've got to listen to it often to appreciate it. By knowing the basic elements of classical music one has a better understanding and can appreciate the popular music more than just an ordinary listener.

You don't have to become a master with music to understand it. We have adequate facilities for the study and appreciation of music here at U.T.J.C., so why not take advantage of it. Why not learn something lasting while at the same time getting credit for it, too. And here's the hopeful thing about these courses being offered here at school:

No one who has tried to learn in these courses has ever failed. The one last reason I give you for gaining a better understanding of music is that if you have got to listen to it for the rest of your life, why not know something about it. At least, it won't harm you any to know the basic elements of this very beautiful language.

—James Powell.

Patterson Elected To Hall Of Fame

Once again I'm back to give you information and maybe a little better insight of one of our fellow students.

My subject this issue is William O. Patterson. Bill is 6'-1" tall, has brown hair and green eyes. He comes to us from Bells, Tennessee, in Crockett County.

While attending Bells High School, Bill was on the basketball team for three years and on the softball team for two years. His club activity while in high school was that of reporter for the Beta Club. He was also a member of the C.Y.F. (Christian Youth Fellowship).

This guy, Patterson, certainly did his part during the war years. He was in the Army for 18 months and also in the Merchant Marines for 20 months.

As you can see, Bill was 'Johnny on the spot' in high school. Well, if you have any memory at all, you will remember that around here, if anything at all is going on, Bill is right in there pitching. Bill was elected President of the Agriculture Club at the first of the year. Why? Because he is the biggest or the roughest maybe? Not at all; in the eyes of his fellow students he represents leadership. Besides being President of the Ag Club, he is also a member of the Veterans Club.

Bill likes his sports. He goes in for basketball, football, and hunting, especially.

His favorite food is oysters and he especially enjoys "Banana Ice Box Pie," so get to cooking, girls.

Some of his readily given personal views are: "The girls should be allowed to stay out until 11 p.m. on week-day nights and until 1:00 a.m. on week ends. We should be more liberal with our co-educational institutions; after all, we do come to college to learn to live with other people. I like Freshman girls over the Sophomore girls because they are so juvenile, everyone likes children! Assembly shouldn't be compulsory; we aren't babies, and the assemblies shouldn't be so often. If they were farther apart, they could be better planned and presented better."

That's about it, I guess. Oh, no, I almost forgot. Bill's favorite pastime as he put it is, "Baby Sitting at Freeman Hall."

—Ralph Guthrie.

Annuals Prove Worth Waiting For

The 1949 annuals are here! And they're quite worth waiting this long time for. For all you introverts who haven't heard, they can be gotten at the Bursar's office. If you would like one but did not pay last year, there are a few extra copies available if you'll hurry.

This last year's annual uses the theme of "It's in the cards." It presents last year's main events very effectively.

Congratulations are in order to the staff who prepared this annual, and to Mr. Phillips, the sponsor. Alta Sumners, Anne White, Edwina Porter, Joan Neely, Frances Anderson, you've done a fine job and we're proud of you. I know the sophs who have graduated will be proud too when they receive this fine annual.



Freeman Hall Takes First in Float Division at J-V Day

FREEMAN HALL'S UPS AND DOWNS

It was really not the popcorn popped in cold cream that has kept our print from you although the popcorn did not add to our feelings. Our hats are off to you freshmen, you really pulled one over the sophomores.

Freeman Hall is really a happy place these days with everybody having such a wonderful time at the barnwarming. There is no place for gloom. We rejoiced too with the queen, Betty Reynolds and her escort, Lee Davidson. Peggy Jackson had a proud look in her eyes too; Bill Patterson was king, you know.

Ann Bass was there with Jimmie Nance; Arlene Reasons was with Ray Spann. Bill Brown dated a guest of Arlene's, Beverly Shaw. They appeared to be having a fine time.

Some of the couples there that are more frequently seen together were Barbara Curtis and Henry Murphy, Margaret Sanders and Sonny Lippford, Betty Jo Pruitt and Billy Hugh Ayers, Martha Swiney with Jimmy Yancey, and Betty Bell with Doug Carter.

George Ann Hearn was seen there with Louis Jordan along with Jane Kendall who was dating Harold Woodard.

We really liked Burnell, Jean, and we know you must have had a heavenly time with Wayne and all of your friends from home.

Saturday morning found Jackie Ing, Janice Cude, Jane Marshall and Janice Galloway off to Memphis. You could easily tell what a good time they had had when they came in Saturday night.

We sure want to congratulate the football queen, Jane Marshall, and her maids, Betty Reynolds and Janice Galloway. You make us swell with pride, girls. Quite sure Billy Seaton and Punk feel as proud as we.

Betty Forrester went home this week end. She had a good reason though—to see her little nephew. Conrad Weatherly came up again to see Olamaj Johnson. Conrad is an alumnus of the Junior College.

Elizabeth McPeake was sure starchy eyed Sunday night when she came back from home. But after all, she'd just seen Pete. He gets his first thousand miles on new vehicles between Lexington and Martin.

J. W. Gossett was over Saturday night to take Corine Wadley to our annual affair. Judy Thompson was with Aaron Richardson again Sunday night. Cute couple.

We have heard that Elizabeth Taylor really makes good grades. That's really something to boast about. Ella Mae and Annie Sue Clift should know; they make them too.

Betty Foulks, Empson Walker, Louise, Hurt and William Chester are just two of the many couples that enjoy the friendly liveliness of our living room every night before seven-thirty.

Shirley Carney went to the barnwarming with Joe Pierce. They, too, are seen together quite often.

College Y. W. A. Meets

The College Y. W. A. held its regular meeting on Wednesday night, November 16, in the home of Mrs. George Horton. There were thirteen members present.

After assembling, the group sang "In the Garden," led by Wilma Stow. This was followed by a prayer by Annie Sue Clift. Dot Logan, president, presided during the business session. The group decided to take a religious census of one of the streets in town on Tuesday afternoon, November 21.

Dot then turned the meeting over to Louise Hurt, who had charge of the program. Anne Bass, using Thanksgiving as the theme, presented the devotional. The country under discussion was Israel. Those taking part in the discussion were: Joanne Griggs, Ella Mae Clift, Margaret Sanders, and Annie Clift.

Margaret Duncan dismissed the group with prayer.

Marion Harwell and Nancy Naylor didn't let us meet their dates the other night, but we saw and we know they're cute and we hear they're from Bolivar.

Sarah Blanton was with Jimmy Smith again Saturday night. Sarah looked cute with the red bandanna around her neck.

Mary Dell, we just can't remember the name of that fellow that we see you with so much.

It seems like it's Joe; well, you know and that's sufficient.

If there is anything likable it's pleasant people and David and Stratton are always just that. There's never any scraps.

Guess Dot Logan is still seeing a lot of John Edmundson. Can't blame her. They seem to have as much fun together as Stratton and David.

Sarah Stone went home this week-end. Sure wish we didn't live so far away; we'd do the same.

Camilla Bivens and Louise McPeake take great delight in eating every night. Henrietta Nowell likes to join them.

Henrietta Walters, does it startle you every time someone says your name like it does the other Henrietta? Confusing thing, isn't it?

Delores Cherry still sees Jimmy Russell quite often.

We love to boast about the talent of Jo Ann Griggs and Billie Henry. Jo Ann is the song bird while Billie has the limber fingers on the keyboard.

Vivian Ray is another of those lucky girls who live so close they can nog home whenever they like.

The phone call for Jane Covington was from Zeb Grooms. Let us see more of him, Jane.

Margaret Pollard is having visitors concerned with chemistry. Boy, can we sympathize!

RAMBLING THROUGH REED HALL

All's quiet on the western front, but only about a week ago, the joint was jumpin'. The place I'm talking about, of course, is Reed Hall, and I don't mean the living room.

On Monday night of last week, we had a dorm meeting, with Charlene in charge. We discussed several important matters; among them was our Thanksgiving baskets for the less fortunate of the community. We decided to each give up our coke and sandwich for one night (which will probably improve our figures) and contribute it to the basket fund.

Some very democratic ideas were running through some people's heads and these spontaneously erupted from Genella Culver, while the very Republican ideas of the majority were still floating around.

The next day, we gaily tripped over to the gym for the great American pastime, elections. Many

LINES, LINES, LINES!

As the dead-line for the Vquette draws near, all that can be heard is lines, lines, lines! The headache begins about Thursday before publication when the assigned articles start trickling into the office, and we do mean trickling. Mr. Chenette, tears his hair, hence its appearance, and ye olde editor wears his soles thin and his soul too, no doubt.

Saturday rolls around and the total lines climbs with all the energy of a mountain goat with Athlete's foot. The safe number of lines is about 2,300, a heap of writing for the staff, but somehow 1,700 lines seems to be the peak. Go get some miscellaneous cuts is the solution.

A delinquent author comes in with a terrible masterpiece and his aesthetic sense is rudely jarred when Mr. Chenette gleams at it and says in approving tones, one hundred forty-four lines. Oh, well, maybe the students will enjoy the article.

About the Monday before the frightful Tuesday when everyone is resting comfortably with the

beauties were nominated; among them from Reed Hall are Betty Stephens, Ann Webb, Rachel Fly, Betty Beeler, Joy Dees, and Betty Chapman.

Now I guess we'll know where all the pretty girls live; rather they were pretty till Mr. Waller made our dorm pictures showing our clean rooms, beauty secrets, and night clothes.

Ah, that was a night that will be long remembered by all, especially a certain Mr. Taylor, who was so graciously helping out with the confusion. Also a Miss Childress had quite a time when a bed loaded with people (and Mr. Taylor) fell on her foot. Poor Mr. Waller had to go after more films, and in the meantime, we thought up some more unearthly poses. I know he has the sympathy of the whole campus now. See you again next year, Mr. Waller.

assurance that enough lines are in, the telephone rings and immediately the editor and who else maybe on hand are exiled with a typewriter to get those few extra lines necessary.

At last the paper makes its appearance, and everyone feels quite well about the whole thing. That is, until staff meeting that afternoon when everyone is assigned the articles for the forthcoming issue. Woe are we!

A firm advertised for a male stenographer and received this reply from a Chinese applicant: "Sir, I am Bung Ho, but can drive a typewriter with good noise and my English is it My last job left itself from me for the simple reason that the big man has dead. It was on account of not my fault. So honorable sirs, what of it? If I am of great help to you, I will arrive on same date as you can guess."

Mother (entering the room unexpectedly): "Well, I never!"

Any J. C. daughter: "Oh, Mother, you must have."

THE MOLEHOLE

By MOE

It's Moe again, just risen from the dust, and sending out your way a scenic description of Mid-Atlantis. They say nothing ever happens around UTJC that's worth writing about. I'm not going to debate the point, but I think this is a misconception. Sometimes so much is happening here that I don't know whether I'm spinning in circles or whether circles are spinning in me. It's probably the latter.

Every now and then it gets to the boiling point, and that's when I need an outlet for steam. Right now I'm amid the turmoil of the American Revolution, Marketing and Finance, space bars and made fractions, drives and emotions, Shakespeare, plots and counter plots, and action. In the mixture of all this I find myself struggling for existence. Better known in the higher circles as Survival of the Fittest, via Charles Darwin and Natural Selection. Right now it looks as if the professors might be the fittest, for I'm not surviving too well.

The other afternoon when I was up in my room in the midst of one of these academic deliriums an old friend came by and invited me to go flying with him. Thinking my nerves needed a rest, and being an old patriarch of the Wild Blue Yonder, I gladly accepted my friend's hospitality. So out we go to Tom Stewart's haven for grounded angels.

As we both were in high spirits for this flight, we could hardly wait to get upstairs. It's a fever you get, once you ever belong to the bird gang. Maybe another reason is that that's as close as we'll ever get to Heaven; so we take the opportunity each time it comes along.

After reaching our destination, we rolled out an old, battered AT-6 and waited for it to warm up a bit. A few minutes later we climbed in, shoved the throttle forward, squeezed on the joy stick a little, and we were in the air. A minute later we were headed for Martin guided by that great landmark, Highway 22. By then the old feeling had crept back in my bones, and I felt as if I were sitting on top of the world.

After rolling and tossing about for a while, we settled down to watch Martin and UTJC in its silent and sleepy-looking haven. Next, we're going up into nowhere, and the earth grows smaller all the while. The higher we go, the more beautiful the earth becomes. Small fields emerge into larger patterns of different shades and shapes; some dull autumn tan, some dark brown, and a few sea green. They are dotted with little white, toy houses, red barns, and little blue circular lakes and ponds. The highways become little thin, back lines streaming across the countryside.

Now only the deafening roar of the engine instills the sense of belonging to the earth. Everything else is hazy, blue and silent. My philosophical friend calls it ethereal escape. He says by the middle of the next century when we have supersonic space ships, and rockets for transplanet passage, we'll be going to Venus for a vacation instead of some earthly resort. When we're all in our nineties, and become tired of the rage and fury of that turbulent age, we'll step into a space ship and zoom away to Mars for a quiet weekend. See you there.

Oh, yeh, I almost forgot to tell you, we finally came back and landed, feeling tired and hungry. The next time you get the old earache just go for a flip upstairs and be cured. Now that you all know the two non-basic elements of flight the lecture will cease. Just go to bed and get a good night's sleep; the effects will be gone by the next morning.

In the meantime, I've developed a tooth-ache and as usual I'm out of anti-toothacher (a new compound said to be mighty good for decaying molars and other ailments and discomforts of a tooth-ly nature).

Let me get my feet a little closer to the fire and we'll resume.

I predict it's going to get cold, and still colder as the weeks fly past. Ain't I bright!

I predict further that fewer missionaries will be sent to the heathen lands in the coming age of radio, and jet propulsion, which in turn will lessen the strain and burden of the Ladies Aid and the Sewing Lace Society.

It is likely that the wasps here at UTJC will diminish during the winter months. It is a fact that the Jr. Vols will not lose anymore games this season!

The trumpet section has just sounded retreat across in the next house (sour element of the Martin High Band), and I think he's just found the lost chord. I hope he loses it quicker than he found it, though. It looks as if Seth might take the spotlight, so I'd better flee to the hole. Se ya . . .

Students May Purchase Pictures In the Vquette Office

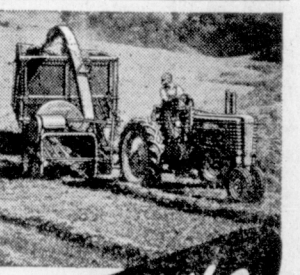
Beginning immediately, all students may purchase pictures of the various socials, athletic events, etc., from the Vquette office. These are the official pictures taken of all school events by Mr. Waller, official photographer for the school.

Students wanting pictures should come by the Vquette office and order them through Mr. Chenette or his secretary, Billie Sager. There will be a charge of fifty cents per picture. This money is used as follows. Mr. Waller charges 33c per picture and the remaining 17c is divided equally between the Vquette and the Annual, where it is used in meeting operating expenses. The pictures will be four-by-five and printed on glossy paper. Pictures should be paid for at time of ordering, as Mr. Waller does not wish to make a print and then find out the student has changed his mind. These pictures must be ordered through the Vquette, which possesses all negatives, and not from Mr. Waller.

Pictures for this year now on hand are of Retreat, J-V Day, Sadie Hawkins dance, Ag. Barnwarming, informal shots of life in the two women's dorms, group and individual football pictures, and of the freshman and sophomore officers. Others will be added as the various socials, etc., occur. Shots of the freshman party will be available in about a week.

The Managing Editor wheeled his chair around and pushed a button. The person wanted entered. "Here," said the Editor, "are a number of directions from outsiders as to the best way to run a paper. See that they are all carried out."

And the office boy, gathering them all into a large wastebasket, did so.



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It's A Fact—

By WINTHROP GUTMANN

That the dance classes every Thursday night are really helping some of the students. It is all being done by Mrs. Massey, who deserves a great deal of credit. I think it is one of the best things that ever happened to the social standing of the school. Goodness knows there are plenty of us who need lessons along this line.

That the road up to the boys' dormitory ought to have some kind of surface on it, or at least some oil. It is the most used road around Martin and it is in the saddest condition also. For those that ride to class, they never know what it is like to be walking up the road and have some joker go sailing by about thirty miles an hour just to see how much dust they can stir up. How do you keep things clean under these conditions????

That the library would be a good place to install a pool table and charge ten cents a game. Think of the new books that could be bought and think of all that space which would be put to use?

That the new fence erected in front of the administration building has a couple of posts out of line. That shouldn't be, since we have a civil engineering course offered in the school. Don't they have a transit any more? Take a look at them the next time you go to the Bookstore.

That there is no sign to show passing tourists that this is UTJC. There was a letter in the paper last year about this matter, and that there was something being done about it. Do you see anything that looks like a sign? What happened? Did the artist run out of paint? Let's do something!!!!

That the big oak tree, which has just been cut down over on the walk between the home economics and the I A building, is more than one hundred years old, yet it only took but a few minutes to cut it down!!!!

That Alaska would be a good place to experience the same feelings and hardships that our forefathers did. It is the last frontier.

That three very fine girls celebrated their birthdays this month—Ann Martin, Betty Underhill, and Betty Stephens. There is also a male who does likewise—the jersey bull over on the farm; he is two years old this month.

Energy is not always the ability to do work. Sometimes it is the total working potential present in a given thing or person; power is the work done under given conditions.

PLAYING SAFE

By ROBERT HEAD

In the midst of danger there are often amusing incidents. I recall one in the summer of 1918. I was again on escort duty; they varied that with mine-sweeping and patrol. We were picking up convicts off St. Helena, Isle of Wight, and escorting them to Le Havre, France. We liked to start at dusk and get them there by daybreak, but long summer days and slow ships in the convoy often prevented that.

We were well out in the Channel this afternoon and had about twenty ships, flying nearly every flag except that of the enemy. Some of the ships had speeds as low as five knots. One destroyer and four of us steel, armed trawlers were with this convoy. The destroyer roamed as she pleased, but we had fixed positions. Our position was rear and starboard of the convoy.

Firing broke out to the port and ahead, somewhere near the middle of the convoy. We stood to quarters, prepared to take a hand when we knew exactly what to take. Suddenly, there came an unusually heavy explosion that even shook us up, and we noticed the crew of a ship of about 10,000 tons, flying the flag of one of the Scandinavian countries, start to abandon ship. We stood by to pick them up; about the time the last small boat cleared, we noticed that the ship was not listing. No one had seen the geyser of water which accompanies a mine or torpedo explosion so we headed for her. However, the last small boat had also turned and beat us back to her.

Later we learned that a sub. had broken surface on the port, and when she crash-dived a depth charge had been dropped. The crew of the ship apparently thought they were hit and, taking no chances, had abandoned ship. We had a laugh but lost quite a bit of salvage money for not being really alert.

(This is one of a series of articles we have asked Mr. Head to write, describing various of his experiences while in the Canadian and American Armed Forces. A second article will appear in an early issue.—Ed.)

J. W. Sargent, Soil Conservation Authority, Is Assembly Speaker

THE MEN'S DORM—FORLORN

Nearly every week we come to the pause in the week's occupation, which is commonly known as the quiet spell, or the quiet desertedness; call it what you may. What happens? The cafeteria is not the same old place with all its gay laughter of the midweek; the walks are barren, no longer with the sound of footsteps do they echo; the halls at the dorm are still; they sound not with rolling Coke bottles, nor with the blare of radios, nor the sound of stout voices, but with a sound of its own, the kind of a sound which can only be heard by the individual, but which drowns out all other sounds. It rings and hangs heavy over the empty rooms. The sound of the clocks grows louder; the sound of the wind whistles round the corners of the building until it seems to sing a melody of melancholy. The melody quivers; then it passes out of our lives as do the students of this college. It is an evolution. Every year new students come into the dorm. They yell, express their voices, sound off their opinions, study in their rooms, date the women of their choosing, gather what knowledge they can, and then they are gone to new places, to new people, to new buildings, just by the turn of a day. Our lives are so much like a day, that the two can easily be compared. From the east comes the sun every morning. It represents the morning years of our lives, most of which is spent going to school. As the sun climbs higher into the air, so do we reach the noontime of life when half of our years lie behind us and half of our years before us, with opportunities to do good and to do better. Then as the sun throws its embers rays at us and the shadows grow longer, we approach the setting sun, or the symbol of the evening of life. To some this would mean the end, but let it not mean that, but let it mean instead that the night of life is but the herald of the everlasting day.

Who are we?—we who walk these hallowed hills; we who scan their stately walls; who sit in class each day only to learn what on the morrow will be forgotten. There is no one, who, unless he persistently pursues the work, does not forget. It is merely a training of the mind. Suppose the mind is already trained? Then it becomes monotonous and uninteresting. There is no one who will not learn some things which are uninteresting to him, but there is always instinctive learning where the subject is interesting. We live but for such a short time. I wonder if for any good? Compared to eternity, we are almost lost. Can you deny that?

Many times I think to myself—why was I brought to being?, to suffer the curse of life??? Will I ever look back upon the days spent in college as days of happiness, as days that I could not have done without??? Is it a stopover for the transition of boyhood into manhood? We merely act a part; we do not live the part. Some of us fought the wars, for what? Did we gain anything by defeating our enemy? Perhaps they are right and it is we who are wrong; yet we did not question the fact while we were there, but on the contrary, we argued the issue that we were right, and that the rest of the world was wrong. Were we right???

So I say, Gather up yourself and ask yourself if you are the same man you say you are. Are you honest in your judgment of others; are you the same man at midnight that you are a noon-time; are you the person your father thinks you are and your sweetheart believes you are?

—Winthrop N. Gutmann

Richard Farrell . . .

(Continued from page 1)
come. Standing alone or not, I sincerely hope that he will return to us in the very near future.

This was also the first appearance of our new grand piano, and we are proud to have such a fine instrument for performances of this kind. Mr. Farrell did a magnificent job of showing us just how much beautiful music could be gotten from a piano and complimented us on its fine tone.

With the first of the series such a great success, we are looking forward to the other numbers to be given later in the season. The next one will be the Ionian Singers, an outstanding male quartet, on January 30th.

—Ralph Guthrie

"Does the foreman know the trench has fallen in?"
"Well, sir, we're diggin' him out to tell him."

J. W. Sargent, assembly speaker on soil conservation, presented the cause of conservation most effectively. He showed us slides of ancient civilization ruins where the people had misused their soil. That is what happens to soil when people do not care for it properly. The lesson was plain; we do not want American civilization to become to the future what Babylonian civilization is to us.

He emphasized the fact that many farmers believe they are de-



Mr. Sargent

stroying the boll weevil in cotton by burning, but that actually Mr. Weevil isn't even there. This is one example of the uselessness of burning off.

Another practice of farmers which is devastating to the soil is the old idea that a good farmer is measured by the straightness of his rows. This allows the water to wash topsoil away.

To show in graphic terms the harmful effects of burning off, Mr. Sargent said that the Oklahoma experimental station found that burning off reduced grazing per acre by 40 per cent over a ten year period.

"It is up to students," he said, "to teach that fire is a good thing in winter in the fireplace."

Some farmers get the wrong answer to conservation by constructing terraces and then plowing across them. Even a bad terrace does more to protect the land where you don't run rows of them. Other terracing faults are not getting them high enough in the middle and failing to provide a place for the water to run off.

Where there is no effort at all, sheet erosion takes over. Examples of it may be found close to home.

One of the slides showed a sign which read, "Poverty—the soil was lost."

In conclusion he said that we must have a strong and healthy land if we want to have a strong and healthy people.

Mr. Sargent's lecture manner was triumphant over the difficulties with which he had to contend. The squeaking public address system he discarded several times; finally it began to work.

The screen was not ready for the slides. Mr. Sargent said he could go on talking till it was ready. We would like to recognize his ability to talk entertainingly while all this interference went on.

Billie Sager

Freshman Party . . .

(Continued from page 1)

his desperate attempts to find the owners of the test papers.

"The sweetheart of the campus"; she walks, talks, sings, and dances. Mrs. Massey, was imitated by Janice Galloway. As usual, this physical ed class was interrupted by hammering and knocking backstage. To this Mrs. Massey replied, "After all this class is as important as a history or English class."

Climaxing the faculty impersonation was the presentation of the most nervous man on the campus, Mr. King. Gerald Stow did the imitating of Mr. King passing out the usual test papers and his technique of writing with both hands.

At the conclusion of the faculty impersonation, announcement was made that Brue Dyer as Mr. Chenette captured first place in his presentation. Dick Johnston as Mr. Phillips came in with a close second.

This first party was complete in every respect. Cavit Cheshier, Freshman class president, was in charge of the program. Others who assisted in the arrangements were: Jimmy Nance, Arlene Reasons, Mary Ann Kendall, Sarah Blanton, Jackie Smith, and Mr. King.

Chaperones for the evening were: Miss Fulton, Mrs. Massey, Mr. Vaughn, and Mr. McKinney. To each of them the freshman class owes a debt of gratitude for helping make the first freshman party the success it was.

—Ella M. Clift



"Better watch that Chem student—last time he went around sayin' he found sand in the pot's salad!"

Around the Campus With the Clubs

The Veterans' Club Decides On Its Winter Social

The regular meeting of the Veterans' Club was held Monday night, Nov. 14.

Mr. Presson gave an abbreviated account of the last meeting. There was very little business other than appointment of committees for the Sadie Hawkins Day party.

After disposing of other business, we talked about our Winter social. We decided to have a small informal party for members and guests. The reasons for this decision are as follows: there were already several formal dances set for the winter quarter, and as you know, it takes "the wherewith" to finance a successful party for a large group. We figured it would be folly to try to outstrip what our Sadie Hawkins party did, and in the winter quarter we expect a smaller number of veterans; consequently, a smaller membership in our club.

Copper White and Williams donated two cents to the club treasury to make it balance out an equal number of dollars. I do not know what Mr. Stanford will think of a two-cent deposit. Our treasurer, Harold Woodard, may buy a couple of blocks of bubble gum, and owe the club this vast sum rather than face the just wrath of trying to deposit it.

As most of you know, the Veterans' Club won the traditional wooden key for the most points at the J.V. Day celebration. The key had been transferred back and forth between the girls' dorms. We are justly proud of many of our girls for saying they were glad to see someone else win the key. Of course, we will not say anything about the number of veterans on the judging committee. Naturally we are proud of our club. We are proud of our school.

As for club news, there just isn't any more. We had a very small group at our last meeting. That is not very encouraging.

You "Romeroes" can do as Bill Patterson did. After they kick you out over at the dorms, you can come on over to the meetings. At the next meeting we expect to have a couple of movies, refreshments, and a general discussion. I hope all of you ex-servicemen will come out and see what happens. The club needs the backing and you can do with the representation that the club gives.

—John McKnight.

Home Economics News

The Home Ec Club met Monday night, November 7, in the Home Ec Building. Jacqueline Hill, the club secretary, told the objectives and plans that the club officers made at retreat.

After the business, Margaret Pollard gave the devotional. Betty Davis read a patriotic poem and the group sang some songs, accompanied by Nancy Naylor at the piano. Refreshments were served.

Future Business Leaders Elect Officers

On Tuesday, Nov. 8, at 6:30 p.m., the Future Business Leaders of America held their regular meeting. As the club has been organized for such a short while, only temporary officers had been elected. During the meeting the regular officers were elected, with the results as follows:

President, George Fain; Vice-president, Jane Kendall; Secre-

tary Betty Hodges; Treasurer, Jo Ann Griggs; and Reporter, Betty Sullivan.

Projects for the school year were discussed and the club members finally voted for a three-fold project consisting of sponsoring the annual typing contest, offering the services of the members for part time work, and preparing a newsletter to send to former students.

We would like to urge all of you who are Business Administration students to come to our meetings which are held on the second and fourth Tuesday nights of each month at 6:30 p.m. The meetings are both interesting and educational and we feel that you would enjoy them.

—Betty Sullivan, Reporter.

F. T. A. News

The first meeting of the Future Teachers, after the officers had returned from Retreat where they planned the schedule for the year, was held October 25. Mr. Meek was guest speaker. We all enjoyed the talk very much. We were shown films which were taken by Mr. Waller. Everyone seemed to enjoy them very much.

The last meeting was held November 8. This was a round table discussion of happenings in our past school days. Committees were appointed to plan our social which will be given November 19 for all Education students.

Luzell Marshall

FORUM CLUB NEWS

The Forum Club met Monday evening, November 14, with a large attendance. After the business session an interesting program under the direction of Joan Fuqua was presented. Since this was the last meeting before Thanksgiving, the program was built around that thought.

Scripture was read by James Baker, which was followed by the Doxology, led by Macy Summers. "What is Thanksgiving?" was given by Mary Alice Grizzell. Afterwards a trio consisting of Joan Griggs, Dot Logan and Wilma Stow sang "Count Your Blessings." The program was concluded by the benediction given by Buddy Roberts.—Wilma Stow

Assembly Programs Sublime And Ridiculous

Southern School Assemblies presented the Alexander Novelty Trio for our approval at our assembly, Nov. 8.

I guess it was, as the poster claimed, the fastest moving program of the season. For the most part I could not keep up with what was supposed to be going on. Several of our students received quite a disappointment. I thought it would be a good show, but I guess Chester receives most of the flowers.

They did have a novelty show. I liked the singing balloon. Any similarity to Margaret Truman was accidental.

You young ladies in Mrs. Massey's P.E. class take note of the tap dancing. I think that would have been all right if I could have seen more of the action, but the fellow in front of me kept getting his head in my line of vision.

Our assembly program of Nov. 15 was sponsored by the Ag Club. Bill Patterson made a good master of ceremonies, and Louise Crawley and Don Fisher did all right on our Alma Mater. I don't believe Don came out quite as strong as Mr. Henson does, but

Library Shelves Are Filling Rapidly

There is a department at UTJC which now enrolls almost 17,000, a new high. Fantastic, you say? Why no, I'm only talking about the UTJC Library.

It's true that almost 17,000 volumes are now on hand, along with current and past issues of 155 magazines.

Only approximately 2,000 of these volumes, or one-ninth of the total, are fiction.

Each year the library under the leadership of Miss Mary Vick Burney tries to pick the best of the latest books and add them to the shelves. "Last year was a record year for additions to the library," Miss Burney said. "We added 1,073 books, quite a bit over the average of 600 for the last 10 years."

There seems to be a story of an educated mouse going around the silent archives of the library. It seems while the library was closed at night, this mouse crept forth and proceeded to eat himself through a set of encyclopedias, thus gaining the most concentrated form of knowledge possible. This, of course, does not seem to be such an excellent way for humans to digest knowledge on account of their inferior—teeth and stomachs of course.

Creeping back from that tall mouse story, we find that the library is really a good place to digest one's way to knowledge. There are comfortable chairs for those looking over the magazines and just kibitzing books. In accordance with the study of psychology, one can study more effectively if he is not too comfortable.

he hasn't had as much practice either.

We were glad to see the large number of guests present.

Dr. Sargent gave an exceptionally good talk on soil erosion and soil conservation. His talk was aptly backed by a large number of slides. Too bad we could not see the pictures very clearly.

Campus Beauties were voted on immediately after the program.

able. For this or some reason the chairs of the library made an impression in—er—on me. They seem to fit into this theory quite well.

All joking aside, the library is a nice place to go, whether it is for a research theme, a book report, or just to kill that hour till the next class, reading one of the magazines.

The conversation had turned to the subject of fraternal organizations. This went on until one of the ladies who hadn't been interested to start with, became bored with the whole thing. Suppressing a yawn, she remarked:

"Well, I don't know anything about the Masons, but I do think their fruit jars are very nice."

"May I take you home? I like to take experienced girls home."

"I'm not experienced."

"You're not home either."

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UTJC SPORTS

Boost the Vols

Murray State Downs Jr. Vols In A One-Sided Affair In Martin

The Murray State "B" varsity met the Junior Vols of Martin on the Junior College Field and defeated them by a score of 47-0.

Murray outwitted, outsize, out-experienced, as well as out-scored, the Jr. Vols throughout the entire game.

Murray kicked off to the Vols with Paul Greer taking the kick on the five-yard line and running it back to the ten, where he was tackled by a capacity number of blue jerseys.

The ball game was under way with the Vols in possession of the ball bringing it back to the thirty-yard line on short runs and passes, but they did not make enough to keep the ball, so Ammons took over the punting assignment for the Vols.

Murray took over on their forty and immediately drew a fifteen-yard penalty back to their twenty-five-yard and then on a pass they went to the U. T. twenty-yard line and with four plays crossed for the first tally. With the extra point good, the score was opened at 7-0.

The Vols took the kickoff and started their passing attack which was very effective against the boys in blue in the entire first half of the ball game.

The second quarter was a field day for Murray as they scored three touchdowns, two of which were scored in the last ninety seconds of the first half.

Their second touchdown was set up on an intercepted pass intended for Bob Ammons who missed the pass, juggled it and it was intercepted by a Murray player, who carried it to the U. T. two-yard line before he was finally tackled. The extra point was good making the score 20-0.

Murray kicked off again and Greer took the ball on the goal line and brought it back to the 10-yard line where Wadley passed and had the second passed intercepted and another Murray touchdown was set up on the goal line.

They made the touchdown as the first half ended with a score of 27-0.

During half time the queen of the 1949 football season was crowned. The queen is Miss Jane Marshall and her court, Miss Betty Reynolds and Miss Janice Galoway. They were escorted by Guy Wadley, Bob Ammons and W. H. Milligan. Confidentially, Guy, that was some kiss.

With halftime ceremonies over the second half got under its gruesome way with the Vols trailing 27-0.

The last half got dull after the game started again with both teams passing one after the other. Murray scored twice in the 3rd quarter and once in the fourth.

The Junior Vols threw 39 forward passes, completing 19, and losing six on interceptions. This is a good record of completions for any team.

—John Booth.

SPORTLINES

By BOBBY HUGHES

It's been two weeks since the Junior Vols tied Missouri Baptist College, and the football season is all wrapped up as far as the Vols are concerned now, but that Missouri game is worth going over one more time.

Coming on Homecoming Day, that game which the Vols tied 26-26 was the one bright spot in a dismal season for the Orangemen. The Vols were not keyed-up for Missouri to any noticeable extent. Missouri was just the only team the Vols had played all season that was in their class, and as a result a great game came out of the battle.

Many of the Vols had their best games against Missouri. Paul Greer, flashy freshman from Charlotte, Tenn., put on a dazzling show of broken field running throughout most of the game, narrowly missing going 70 or 80 yards for TD's three or four times. Jimmy Penn, little 145-pound half-back from Milan, had a good night, scoring once on a 15-yard dash and adding the two extra points that kept the game out of the loss column. Co-captain Guy Wadley was another backfield star who directed the team on their TD drives, tossed the touchdown pass to Co-captain Robert Ammons with only 25 seconds left in the game to knot the score at 26-26, and scored two TD's himself on short plunges. Big Charles Bane, Fred Welch, Aaron Wilhauck, and Joe Faust also played well in the backfield.

The Vol line stood up better than anytime this year too. Marion Wilhauck, W. H. Milligan, Bill Brooks, Robert Ammons, Gerald Kinchen, Fred Bell, Paul Zimmerman, Benny Campbell, Don Freeland, and Bill Azbill all played good ball. Azbill was set for a top performance, but was injured during the second period and did not play anymore during the last half. His loss may have been the difference between victory and a tie.

From the spectator's point of view, it was a great game because it was tied up three times and the lead changed hands thrice also. The Vols scored first to make it 6-0 and then the score changed to 6-6; 6-13; 13-13; 20-13; 20-19; 20-26; and finally 26-26. It was one to remember.

GUY WADLEY AND BILL AZBILL SELECTED MOST OUTSTANDING PLAYERS FOR 1949

Twenty-six players took part in the poll last week to select the Most Outstanding Lineman and Most Outstanding Back of the Vols. Both races were very close, but Guy Wadley and Bill Azbill, each with 10 votes were selected. Fred Welch, who had 8 votes, and Paul Greer with 5 votes ran Wadley close second and thirds. W. H. Milligan, with 9 votes just missed a tie with Azbill, while Marion Willhauck received 4 votes.

Co-captain Wadley has been the team general at quarterback this year and has handled his job well. He is a good passer, better than average runner, a sure ball handler, and inspires confidence in his team-mates. Big 190-pound Azbill has been a rugged boy on defense and offense. He is the top pass snatcher on the squad and handles himself with more ease than any other player. Both Wadley and Azbill should be back next year unless some other college grabs them away. With a little better luck with the injury situation, they should lead the Vols to a good season.

Fred Welch and Paul Greer are both freshmen and should be much improved by next season. Greer, in particular, was late getting started, but during the last few games of the season, he showed definite possibilities of becoming a star runner.

There's no doubt that W. H. Milligan, husky 175-pound sophomore, will be missed next year. He was one of the few Vols who stayed in there in every game and was not forced out of action by injuries. He is planning to take a year off from college next year, but when he goes back again his junior year (maybe to U-T), he will be a welcome candidate for some grid squad.

Marion Willhauck, five-sport star from Union City, has played good ball at his tough center and linebacker position all year and he should be rough next season.

HOPES FOR NEXT SEASON'S GRID TEAM GROW STILL BRIGHTER

Hopes for the Vols 1950 grid team took another turn for the good when it was learned that both Co-captains Guy Wadley and Robert Ammons would return for another year. Guy and Robert changed their curriculum and will be eligible to return. Reports are going around that Marion and Aaron Willhauck and some other boys are busy trying to get other boys to come to the college next year too.

THOUGHTS TURN TO BASKETBALL SOON

With football out of the way, it won't be too long until we can start thinking about basketball. From early reports, UTJC will have a pretty fair quintet to represent them on the hardwood. Although all but one or two boys were lost from last year's team, there seems to be enough material around to make a fair squad. Robert Ammons is the lone regular returnee, but he will be helped by boys like Marion Willhauck, who was an All-West Tennessee guard at Union City High; Aaron Willhauck, who was also a star at Union City; Bill Azbill, a four-letter winner at Lexington; David Turner, a four-letter winner at Obion High, and many others.

SEVEN MEDAL WINNERS IN INTRAMURALS LAST YEAR RETURN

Some attention will be focused on seven medal winners in Intramural individual events last year who will return to share the spotlight in the events this year. Pretty Betty Jean Reynolds of the Yellow team, who was runner-up in Women's Table Tennis; Janice Cude of the Red team, who was Women's Basketball High Point Scorer; and June Steele of the Yellow team, who was runner-up in Women's Badminton and Diving are the girl champions.

Calvin White, who won the Men's Mixed Horseshoes; George Hall, who won both the Men's Cross Country and Track High Point; James Paris, Men's Checkers Champion; and Keith Veltman, who was runner-up in Men's Diving and Cross Country are the men champions.

GOOD AMATEUR BOXER ON CAMPUS

To look at rosy cheeked Joe Fulghum, you'd never guess that he went in for the beak-busting sport of boxing. The 150-pound freshman from Bolivar, Tenn., who has been a member of the Vol football team all season, does go in for boxing and he's good at it. The blond haired freshman has had nine fights since he started his boxing last summer, and he has won seven of them. Four of his wins came on

Phys Ed Girls To Organize And Join National Sorority

Something new is to be added to the Junior College.

Mrs. Massey and her physical education girls are making plans for the organization of a club for girls majoring in physical education. This organization will be branch of the national Phi Eta Tau which is a sorority for professional women in the field of physical education.

The organization here, as a branch of a national sorority, must be approved by U. T. at Knoxville. As soon as this approval comes from Knoxville, a meeting will be called.

We extend our congratulations to you girls for your work toward the establishment of a national sorority on the Junior College campus. —Genella Culver.

Intramurals Date Set At Last

Yea, Orange, yea White. But orange and white aren't the only colors that we cheer for. There will be cheers for all eight color teams now that intramurals have started.

November 22 is set as the date for the beginning of intramural games for the girls. With the team captains on duty and the members giving their loyal support, volleyball should be a good beginning for the '49-'50 intramurals.

Volley ball requires several players; and if you as a member fail to pay for your team, it may mean defeat. If any team does not have enough players present to play, the other team wins. Don't let your team down; you can be there!

A MAN'S STOMACH (Special from the Home Ec building)

Just the other day I had the privilege of being invited to a meal at the Home Ec Building served by one of those Home Ec gals.

I arrived in the living room of this building and believe me it really looked like a living room. The chairs were so comfortable and looked almost too nice to sit in—I said almost.

Our hostess greeted us and we found our way to our respective places by place cards, probably manufactured in art class. But speaking of an art. Wow! The food came next, and believe me there was an art about the way it looked. They say seeing is believing, but I could hardly wait for the blessing to be finished to try a more experimental and reliable way. We did.

I'm afraid the food was so good that the conversation just lagged and dwindled into, "Yes, I believe I will have another roll." The dinner did include rolls, also steak, rice with gravy, green peas and carrots, and slaw, making a very colorful and tasteful plateful. Wh—said a plateful? They were almost gone by the time I considered this.

After a meal like this one would ordinarily sit back and sigh, but we were informed that dessert was in the making; so the girls lost count of the frightening calories present and prepared for the last course. The dessert was heavenly; it included Angels, oops, pardon me, Physics you know, Angel Food Cake and Boiled Custard. I looked around and everyone was eating his with a spoon, so I had to too, though it was torture only getting a spoonful at a time. Anyway, I licked mine every time after taking a bite. Even spoonfuls soon vanish a cupful; so I perceived from the devastation I and others had wrought that dessert was over.

TKQ's and three were on decisions. His two losses came on a decision and one was stopped when Joe had his eye cut. He has never been floored in the ring in any bout, and the reason could be that he concentrates on defense. He plans to start training soon as football is over and hopes to get into a few fights over the Christmas holidays. He'd like to fight in Golden Gloves tournaments which will start soon, but he probably will not have enough time to get in shape. Anyway, Joe is a nice boy to be friendly with.

THIS AND THAT

Add J. C. Stroup, who lettered three years in basketball at Henry High and captained the team; Curtis Cates, who lettered two years at South Fulton High in basketball and captained his team; and Billy Stafford, who lettered three years on the Dyersburg High football team to the freshman intramural athletes. . . . Junior Vol scoring through the first seven games shows Guy Wadley and Robert Ammons in the lead with 12 points each followed by Jimmy Penn with 8 points and Charles Bane with 6. . . . Looking over one of last year's Volettes we learned that Win Gutmann was quite a skier back in Massachusetts and New England. . . . In 1942-43 he won two trophies and 12 ribbons in competition in high school meets. . . . In 1946 while stationed in Japan, he won first place in the All-Japan Ski Tournament. . . . First intramural sport will be volley ball.

Volette Begins New Extension Courses With This Issue

In answer to popular demand, the Volette will offer on the pages of its paper these new and different extension courses. They are Campu-sology 261b and 261g. All boys are eligible for 261b and all girls for 261g.

Campusology 261b

In all sciences there are natural laws which are as unchangeable as time itself. Our first lesson will consist of learning a few basic laws of LOVE and related subject.

1. All other factors being equal, the girl living nearest the boy dating her will win out.
2. All other factors being constant, the boy with the car (or newest one) will win out.
3. For a boy dating a tall girl, his chances increase as the square of his height, all other factors being equal.
4. Diffusion is the tendency of lipstick to go from one place to the other until it is smeared evenly over the source and the smearer.

Equation for the week:
The charge of one kiss (Kc) is equal to Looks (L) times Personality (P) times (X) x-perience, that is, times time itself (T). In short Kc equals LPXT, Kc being measured in oomphs!

Campusology 261g

Ladies, for today we will study ways of catching a MAN and other related subjects. This is of great importance to most of you, so pay attention most closely. The lesson will start with some time-honored findings dear to the female generation.

1. The way to a man's autonomic system is thru his digestive tract.
2. Holding a man's hand is optional, except in some few cases where it may be necessary.
3. The male is the more gullible of the species when subjected to a line, and his ego expands as to the square of number of compliments. (Caution here: Don't convince him he's out of your class.)
4. A drip is the guy who wants to be the "only drop in the bucket" when it is already flowing over.
5. A drought is when even a drip is welcome.

Equations for the week:

Eye Appeal (I) equals Dates (D) divided by many boys (B). "You" appeal in conversation (U) equals Many Dates (Dm) divided by one boy (1).

Well, I hear that class bell, so I must conclude this lecture until next issue. This ole professor will gladly help any of his students with their problems if they will just mail them in care of the Volette. No name will be necessary, only indications of sex, measurements and so forth, for we must be sure the answer will fit the subject, literally.

Incidentally everyone grades himself! Confidentially your professor made a straight "A" average under this system. The points qualities will be low as is necessary in any course of this kind.

The assignment for the next time is merely to keep dust from gathering on the chairs at Freeman and Reed Halls. See ya there, so keep on K—cking up your heels and feeling young.

Professor Van de Mathis
B.S. - M.S. - Ph.D.

My stomach was full and content; so now I let my heart go out as in the saying, to the Home Ec girls in general for all the good cooking, and to the girl in specific that prepared the meal and invited me. Those courses she served give her an "A" in my book.

What Will They Think Of Next? Or,

HOW TO BE CONSPICUOUS IN ONE EASY LESSON

(The following article was published in the ORANGE AND WHITE, official student newspaper of the University of Tennessee. We think it too "good" to omit.—Ed.)

"The thing I am going to propose is perhaps revolutionary. It will surprise even me if it is accepted and carried out, for I do not expect to work through the sororities and fraternities to get it across, because there would be a few who would call it 'the duty of their members,' making the action that I propose a determinant of social acceptance and, in this way, forcing their members into compliance with a courtesy which each student should decide himself whether or not to perform.

"Right now I cannot think of one mark of distinction we possess as students at U-T. We have a GOOD football team and a GOOD basketball team; we have the usual clubs and fraternities and activities, but none of them distinguish us from the rest of the colleges and universities.

"What do we have of tradition? Nothing. And so far we haven't given a hoot. I'm a student at U-T. 'Oh, that's where they. . . . Where they WHAT?

"Indeed, where they sit unconcerned in their classroom seats when the professor or instructor enters and where they make either a mad dash for the door or remain discourteously seated as he prepares to leave the classroom—just like they do everywhere else. "Then, why don't we S-T-A-N-D when he enters and S-T-A-N-D when he leaves and watch the results?"

WHAT'S YOUR ANSWER PLEASE?

Once again the Thanksgiving holidays are approaching, and everyone is eagerly anticipating the holidays. There is a rustle on the campus, for everyone is trying desperately to "catch up" for the long awaited time.

Why is everyone anticipating such an event? Is it because they are homesick, forlorn, or just "buried under"? Ye ole' reporter got to wondering about this and after making the rounds of the campus, she found sundry answers to the question, "What do you plan to do during the Thanksgiving holidays?"

Sarah Stone—I plan to go to Knoxville to the football game.

Georgeanna Hearn—Eat, sleep, and have a good time.

Margaret Pollard—It will be my first trip home, since I've been here.

Peggy Jackson—Go with a certain "Billy."

Jean Craig—See my man for five solid days!

William Chester—Eat a turkey dinner.

Joann Griggs—Rake leaves.

Nancy Taylor—Run around in general.

Bill Bennet—Go to Mississippi

and write a theme.

Louise Hurt—I'm going to celebrate my birthday.

Jane Simpson—Catch up on my sleep and eat.

Betty Jean Reynolds—Eat, drink, and be merry.

Mary Alice Grizzell—I expect to be out every night.

Joy Lovelace—I look forward to eating and having a good time.

Elizabeth Taylor—I want to sleep.

Camille Bivens—I am going to move into my new home.

Billie Henry—Go home, sleep, and eat and have a good time.

Margaret Sanders—My greatest objective is going home, seeing my folks, and getting some sleep.

Vivian Ray—I want to go to my sister's and eat turkey until I nearly pop.

Jane Kendall—The main thing is eat and sleep.

Mary Duncan—Being at home.

Harry Avery—Work at home mostly.

Corrine Wadley—Catch up on what I've been missing.

Faye Smith—Attend a Thanksgiving at Riggins School.

Barbara Curtis—I'm going home, eat and sleep, and have a good time.

Jane Covington—Eat one day, sleep another day, and go all the rest of the time.

Mary Nelle Johnson—Go home to see my mama.

Calvin White—Go quail hunting.

Louise McPeake—Get away from classes and visit friends.

There you have it! From all indications, most students interviewed plan to sleep and eat during the holidays. That means everyone will be caught up on lost sleep and acquire a few more inches to that waistline. That is, if the plans work out!

—Ella Mae Clift.

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